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# The Unicorn Hunter



unicorns

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## Chapter 1 by Mason Lee

### Chapter One

I'm Tora. I'm a unicorn hunter. That's right, I said UNICORN HUNTER. I'm gonna take a moment to let that sink in. Sear the words into your little brain. Seared? Great. Just a heads up, if that was to weird for you, stop reading this immediately, because it can only get weirder from here. I know what all you girly-girls-who-didn't-even-read-the-whole-title-just-stopped-at-unicorn are thinking, How could you kill such a pure, innocent, beautiful creature? The truth is, unicorns aren't all they're cracked up to be. The rainbows ever present above them are threaded of millions of tiny lasers. What about the harmless little butterflies fluttering around them? Surely they're real? Nope, sorry! They happen to be pixies, and if you even try to lay a hand on that horn, they will bite you on the butt. Literally. It's happened to me. Twice. Why all these safety precautions, you ask? Unicorns are super rare, only found in Doodle Dreamland, making them Holy Grails for poachers. Because of this, our universal government, the Council, takes great measures to protect them. But wait, there's more. Unicorns sing. Yay? I don't think so. They happen to sing very off-key. All the time. Not just any songs, songs like "The Narwhal Song", "Baby", "It's A Small World", "Let It Go", and the Meow Mix jingle. It's soooooooooooooo annoying.

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don't belong here. I come from a town called Midnight, on the Planet of the Forbidden. I grew up an orphan in a world of thieves, outlaws, murderers, all sorts of villains. After all, on the Planet of the Forbidden, if you weren't evil, what were you? Everyone fought to be the most powerful. And Midnight was the center of it all. You may be thinking, "Wow. I am so sorry for you," but I'm proud this is how my life started. It taught me to be tough and independent, how to fend for myself, but most importantly, to never, ever, trust anyone. Because when you live in eternal darkness, who is there to trust? But I still haven't answered your question, have I? One day, when I was six, a mad scientist (I told you we had all types of villains) trying to escape created what he thought was a dimensional wormhole, but turned out to be a blackhole. I was unfortunate enough to be around him when he turned it on. It began sucking everything around it, so of course he turned it off quickly, but by then it was too late. I had been sucked into the blackhole, a place where no one could escape and almost no matter existed. But somehow, the machine still retained some of its portational power, and sent me there. While most little girls from Earth or another non-hostile planet would have squealed in joy and fainted when they saw Doodle Dreamland, I puked.

That was 8 years ago, and since the I've found a way to bring some of my old life here (a.k.a. illegally poaching and selling unicorns). Today I was on Meowni, a planet inhabited entirely by cats (not to be confused with Mewni, the planet ruled by King River Butterfly and Queen Moon Butterfly, home planet of Princess Star Butterfly). I had a client, who, like me, trusted nobody. Because of this, they wanted to see me in person.

## Chapter 2 by 20hupj



I'd organized to meet my client on the outskirts of the city at 15 minutes to midnight.

Just for those out there who want to know, yes this city was indeed made out of chocolate and lollies. Enough to make anyone vomit.

I leaned against one of the brown chocolate buildings and gave out a loud impatient sigh. My boots crossed one another and my heels dug against the bright green grass. Tight leather jeans wrapped around my muscled legs and my eyes where laced with mascara. I had my hair short,

not even reaching my ears and my appearance was the exact opposite of my surroundings. I hated Doodle Dreamland.

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I checked the night sky and saw a bright star. It was the same star I had seen in the night sky when I was a child. The shadows and light allowed me to confirm that it was nearing half past midnight. The damn

bugger, why wasn't my client here?

Bored I took out my dagger from the inside of my wrist and scratched into the chocolate building. *TORA*, I scratched, my handwriting neat and precise. Hell, I was a unicorn hunter, of course I meant business. Flakes of chocolate peeled off from around my writing, like muscle coming off the bones of a unicorn.

I stepped back and heard another's footsteps mirror my own. Twirling around I caught a glimpse of a figure in the darkness. It was the middle of the night after all.

The figure neared closer, definitely a male and from the looks of it my client. Long mattered hair, muscled arms and tight clothing.

My heart skipped a beat.

I knew this figure, even though it had been from long ago.

It was my brother.

### Chapter 3 by Mason Lee



"What the freakin' heck?" I said immediately.

I can't *actually* type what I said, because I might get kicked off of Story Wars. On The Planet of the Forbidden, children (which there aren't very many of) learn the cuss word vocabulary instead of out ABCs. I'm pretty sure we have our own language of curses native only to The Planet of the Forbidden.

"Woah, woah, calm down," my older brother said laughing, but I was clenching my dagger so tight my hands were shaking.

"I was expecting a cat," I said. "We are on Meowni, after all."

I could trust no one.

Especially not him.

Because he, my brother, Axel, was the one who murdered my parents.

Chapter 4 by R

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Now you have to understand  
was the fact he had done

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Most of my anger there  
g your parents was

something of a rite of passage. Not everyone did it, of course, but it seemed that The Planet of the Forbidden was not exactly the best conditions for raising well adjusted children.

But you have to understand that you shouldn't trust anyone, much less those who have killed people, and even more less those who know you well. I half expected this to be a trap set up to kill me, and the other half was waiting for the double cross or the enraged, unplanned murder.

Well, actually I didn't expect him to succeed. But still, Axel's presence here was not quite what I wanted. Not that anything in all of Doodle Dreamland's realm was what I wanted in the least.

"Well you got me." He said, and keep in mind I'm removing all curse words here, which is completely unnecessary but Summer wants to keep things PG so I'll go along. "How much do I have to pay for some Unicorn hearts?"

"Standard black market price is 73 Dollops." I tell him. I even hate the money here in Doodle Dreamland. "But since I'm giving it to you fresh, I require 150."

"What, no family discount?" Axel asks, and I know full well he's being sarcastic. Curse words, a sarcastic tone, and lethal weaponry - the basic elementary topics of my home. "I'll give you 100."

"You're coming to me either because you're setting up a trap or because you want these hearts fresh. If you want to be cheap, head over to the black market. They'll sell em to you for a 100 Dollops. I'm asking for 150."

"125." He said. Typically that's the price I like to haggle to, but his face was really infuriating. I turned to walk a way. "Fine, 135!"

"How many do you want?" I ask.

"I need five." He tells me. "And they must all come together, fresh. Don't worry, you can sell the mistakes off to the black market. You're lucky I don't have a time limit too."

"Always a pleasure, brother." I tell him, and walk out of the alley and in to the streets of Meowny. Well then, I'd better find a herd. / See more of Story Wars  
was my middle name.

Literally

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